

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL

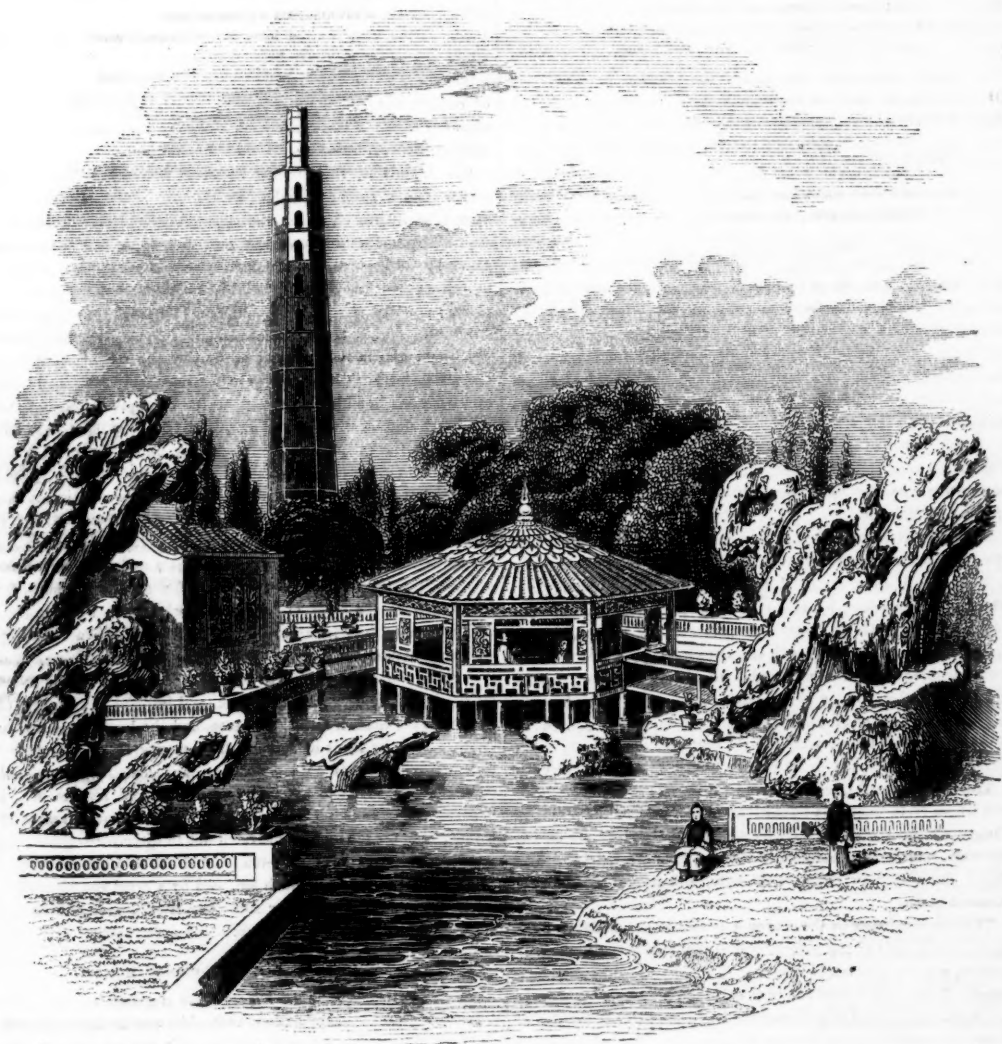
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 84.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

RETIRED LEISURE OF THE CHINESE.



A CHINESE SUMMER-HOUSE, WITH A PAGODA IN THE BACK-GROUND.

BRADSHAW AND EVANS,]

[PRINTED, WHITEFRIARS,

VOL. IV.

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THE reader is presented, in the engraving on the preceding page, with a very faithful representation of a Chinese summer-house, taken from an exquisite picture in the possession of the writer. The pagoda in the back-ground is from a sketch of one that stands upon a little hill in the island of Whampoa, and was selected for this picture because in style and character it differs from those we commonly see in prints, and at the same time throws an instructive light over the word *tap*—a pagoda—which, in its graphic delineation, implies an edifice composed of successive joints or stories. There is a scaffolding carried quite to the top of the pagoda in question, reared, I suppose, with the intention of providing the different stories with bells, cornices, horned projections, and so on; but as means for executing this design have not been forthcoming, its accomplishment has been postponed from time to time. The rocks on each side are artificial masses of limestone, of a dull black colour and a cavernous structure. It is admirably adapted for the purpose to which the Chinese apply it, in the decoration of their pleasure-grounds. A sheet of water is an indispensable item in the garden of a great man, to beautify the scene, and to give a propriety to the rock-work. In the side, and at the end of the building on the left, is a window of Chinese ware, through which the light is admitted by various fantastic apertures, which perhaps we may call mullions, though they have no glass between them. The air has an access as free as the light. The bricks of which the edifice is built are dark-coloured, but the windows of which we are speaking are sometimes green. The several palisades, or dwarf pillars, are manufactured by the potter with their base, shaft, and capital entire, and then brought and ranged in the little colonnades or parapet walls, which form fences or divide the ground-plot into various sections and compartments. By way of entablature, pots furnished with large plants of orange, citron, Leichee, and so forth, are placed upon the top, at equal distances from each other. This is a peculiarity in Chinese taste, and is very well displayed in our picture; so that the reader is in a position to say how far it agrees with his own.

It has been intimated in a former paper, that the prevailing colours in such pleasure-grounds and rural edifices are dark, with here and there an ornamental sprinkling of a lighter description. The eye is consulted by this choice of tints, and perhaps the health of the vegetable inmates is promoted by it; for, though light is necessary for the growth of most plants, yet an excess of it seems to disagree with many: and I would suggest as a practical matter, that when foreign plants seem not to relish their places in our gardens and green-houses, that some measures should be taken to diminish the quantity of light that falls upon them, either directly from the clouds, or by reflection from surrounding objects.

The doubly-tinted tree in front of the pagoda is the Longan, or tree whose fruit fancy has likened to the eyes (*gan*) of a dragon (*tung*), whence the name. Its fruitage is smaller, less grateful to the taste, and far less desirable to the eye, than the Leichee. The leaves are ranged in pairs, or pinnate, and are of a deep and pleasant green.

The summer-house in the centre is seated in the middle of the pool, for the sake of the refreshing breeze that alternates over its surface, and the panoramic view that is thus obtained of the whole scene. Hither the owner comes to enjoy the friendly chat of some old acquaintance, and to pour out his free heart without the risk of being overheard by some lurking eavesdropper; for in China they are strangers to that happy security we feel in this land of freedom, where we can sit beneath our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid. In that country the spectre Fear haunts every scene; the charming abodes of elegance and rank are not secluded

from her visits. She throws a forbidding gloom over the fairest landscape, and plants thorns and thistles among the most beautiful flowers. But in spite of this, there is no man that studieth his own comfort more than a Chinese, nor has he found out more varied or more exquisite methods of multiplying the blandishments of life: and lest abundance and choice should produce a surfeit, he contrives to introduce a certain portion of plainness and frugality into all his enjoyments. He has a saying which is to this effect, that you must have a white or plain surface before you begin to apply your colours. Economy is the groundwork of a Chinaman's picture, and hence every embellishment adds to the effect of the whole, and not one is lost amidst a crowd of superfluities.

The Chinese gentry love to spend their time in stillness, where silence is seldom broken save by the accents of some old acquaintance. In the most familiar intimacy, they seem not to forget how much politeness tends to keep the edge of friendship keen and bright: and hence they usually address each other by some terms of respect and compliment, and speak of themselves and their affairs as things of less consequence than the persons to whom they address their conversation.

Our friends in the summer-house of fretwork before us are seated upon a stool of bamboo, at the end of a table that rests upon four pillars, which are carved and bordered after the taste of the country. On this table the *kin*, or Chinese lute, is placed, which by its antique and melancholy sounds helps the performer to retrace the fabled annals of his country, ere degeneracy had seized upon the sons of men, and rendered them less happy and less wise. Awhile those transcendent models of perfection, Yaon and Shun, who in their anxiety to promote the arts of peace were the counterparts of Numa, glide before his imagination, and seem to honour his humble retreat with their august presence. At this his heart flutters with serene awe, and his body spontaneously inclines in the attitude of reverence. Anon he dreams of some king, who in olden time was caught up by some mountain nymph, and was wafted to the realms of the blessed, where wealth, honour, and beauty glittered in all the plenitude of their enchantments. At this scene his eye glistens, and his long taper fingers sweep the seven silken cords with a hurried touch; and then he thinks of some favourite of fortune, who in some earthly paradise, far removed from the cares of life, quaffed wine from a golden cup, and listened to the poetic visions of ancient bards, when visited by an only daughter, whose mind and person heaven and earth had lent their choicest beauties to adorn. Prompted by the sweet fascination of pleasure, he leans back, and imitates the posture of one who gave himself up to wine, ease, and the luxuries of poetic fancy. Thus by turns he admires the severity of moral truth—feels the witchery of gold, splendour, and female charms—and sighs for the ineffable nonchalance of ease and retirement. I believe that this is no unfair description of genteel minds in China; they are too highly cultivated not to discern the grace of a self-denying act of goodness—too sensual not to catch the lure of voluptuousness—and too much harassed by a cruel and hypocritical magistracy not to long for some sequestered nook, where the vulture's eye of the public informer could never reach.

DIALOGUE IN A CHINESE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Alc. Alas, my worthy friend, we have degenerated since the days when the barbarous nations that skirt our territories looked up to us with veneration, and felt in their distant quarters the transforming influence of that sacred light which flowed from the Celestial Empire!

Alun. True, my honoured compeer, we have declined in mind and morals since the later period of Yaon and Shun (2337—2267

B.C.), and even since the later period of Confucius (born 552 B.C.): who developed the character of true wisdom and benevolence;* but what led you to this train of thinking?

Alc. Why I learnt the other day, from a merchant who has had many dealings with foreigners, and who has thence taken a hint to talk largely about their generosity and uprightness, that those western barbarians have colleges, seminaries, extensive libraries, education, &c. at home; and that therefore they affect to slight our admired proficiency in these matters.

Alun. To despise us, my friend, ere they have fairly surveyed the copiousness of our flowery tongue, the exhaustless beauties of its imagery, and the taste and refinement of our composition, would be a cheap and easy method for displaying their own ignorance; but while, of late, on a visit to Canton, I by chance met with a *fan kwei*, who took sketches and made notes of everything he saw, and scrutinised their properties with an interest and an acumen that quite astonished the bystanders.

Alc. But if these lofty and ill-mannered strangers have a literature and a language which cannot, as we commonly suppose, be packed within the narrow compass of a horn-book, why do they presume to meddle with the everlasting characters of the "middle nation?"

Alun. Why, I can tell you. They have not only an insatiable thirst for commerce, after which they prowl over the whole earth; but also an ever-increasing appetite for novelty, in quest of which they force their way so far to the north, that some are said to have been chilled into icicles.

Alc. I always thought them strange fellows.

Alun. They are indeed; for they not only do these and many other odd things, but they affect to outstrip the sages in benevolence; for a few years ago, one Colledge, a fellow of smooth and mild appearance, restored many blind persons to sight, without accepting the smallest fee. The elders, while they staid in his house, he treated with the filial respect of a son; the juniors, with the affectionate reverence of a younger brother. And now a man with a portly aspect, and a face ever ready to melt into a smile, called Parker, is doing wonders in this way—so that some of the silly people call him a god.

Alc. Then it seems they think to poison us one day with their opium, and to make us alive again with their craft and their physic the next. But I trust we shall soon be rid of the whole set; for our illustrious Lin has lately sent many of them away with a flea in their ear.

Alun. Very true; but they are coming back again, with such guns as our nation will not be able to match. I fear we shall hardly be able to cope with them.

Alc. If they should master our invincible troops, what would become of us? Should we not at once be driven from these abodes of peace and beauty, our ancestral halls pillaged, and the graves of our forefathers trodden under foot?

Alun. No; I think not; for in India, where these *fan kwei* sway a sceptre over a hundred millions, they humour the prejudices of the people, and publicly honour gods which they secretly profess to abhor; so that we may expect that they would not only join in the festive rites and sacrifices to the honour of our gods and heroes, but even endow and support our temples by liberal grants and allowances. That pagoda, which peers so majestically above the surrounding trees, might get a cornice or two, and a few bells, to ornament its plainness by the change.

* Yao or Yaon, and Chun or Shun, are the names of two rulers of China who succeeded each other, and who are reputed to have done much to civilise the country. The dates must be taken with some grains of allowance. The period of the great Chinese philosopher and reformer Confucius (Koong-footse) is so far uncorrected, that authorities differ by an entire century.

Alc. Aya! These fellows would have more phases than a western sky as it shifts to the radiance of the setting sun. But whither should we look for promotion, when the sacred fount of honour is dried up? for, you know, we have no hereditary rank or nobility among us.

Alun. Why, we might find a scion, perhaps, of a former dynasty that now lies hid in the seclusion of some far-withdrawing valley, and China might be governed by a prince of her own, without the charge of providing for his maintenance; for these prodigal *fan kwei* would not only board him well, but allow him a liberal salary besides.

Alc. Softly, my worthy friend, lest Echo, that lurks in the crevices of yonder rock, should catch the sound, and tell tales about us.

INDIAN PARADISE.

THE grand doctrine of a life beyond the grave was, among all the tribes of America, most deeply cherished, and most sincerely believed. They had even formed a distinct idea of the region whither they hoped to be transported, and of the new and happier mode of existence, free from those wars, tortures, and cruelties which throw so dark a shade over their lot upon earth. Yet their conceptions on this subject were by no means either exalted or spiritualised. They expected simply a prolongation of their present life and enjoyments, under more favourable circumstances, and with the same objects furnished in greater choice and abundance. In that brighter land the sun ever shines unclouded, the forests abound with deer, the lakes and rivers with fish; benefits which are farther enhanced in their imagination by a faithful wife and dutiful children. They do not reach it, however, till after a journey of several months, and encountering various obstacles—a broad river, a chain of lofty mountains, and the attack of a furious dog. This favoured country lies far in the west, at the remotest boundary of the earth, which is supposed to terminate in a steep precipice, with the ocean rolling beneath. Sometimes in the too eager pursuit of game the spirits fall over, and are converted into fishes. The local position of their paradise appears connected with certain obscure intimations received from their wandering neighbours of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, and the distant shores of the Pacific. This system of belief labours under a great defect, inasmuch as it scarcely connects felicity in the future world with virtuous conduct in the present. The one is held to be simply a continuation of the other; and under this impression, the arms, ornaments, and everything that had contributed to the welfare of the deceased, are interred along with him. This supposed assurance of a future life, so conformable to their gross habits and conceptions, was found by the missionaries a serious obstacle, when they attempted to allure them by the hope of a destiny, purer and higher indeed, but less accordant with their untutored conceptions. Upon being told that in the promised world they would neither hunt, eat, drink, nor marry a wife, many of them declared that, far from endeavouring to reach such an abode, they would consider their arrival there as the greatest calamity. Mention is made of a Huron girl whom one of the Christian ministers was endeavouring to instruct, and whose first question was, what she would find to eat? The answer being "Nothing," she then asked what she would see? and being informed that she would see the Maker of heaven and earth, she expressed herself much at a loss what she could have to say to him. Many not only rejected this destiny for themselves, but were indignant at the efforts made to decoy their children after death into so dreary and comfortless a region.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITE.

"I knew at least one here that had a friend."—COWPER.

A FEW evenings ago, I was turning over the leaves of a new edition of Cowper, when my eyes happened to alight on the prose narrative respecting his hares, which is usually appended to the end of his poems. The perusal of this pleasing piece of animal biography brought to my recollection some passages in the life of an animal of the same species, whose remarkable tameness and familiarity almost equal, if they do not surpass, that manifested by the Bard's celebrated hare, Puss.

Many years ago, my father, who was in the army, was sent on detachment to a place called Camdonough, situated a few miles from Londonderry. While there, one of the soldiers happened, by some means or other, to get possession of a young leveret, which he brought to us. I was then a mere boy, in a very delicate state of health; and my worthy old nurse very gladly accepted the hare, as she thought it would interest and amuse me. Like almost all children, I was very fond of animals, and in a very short time the leveret and I became great friends. There being no children in the neighbourhood, the little animal was my only companion and playmate.

Harry (as we called him) was very young when he came into my possession—so much so, indeed, that he required for several weeks to be fed with milk. Afterwards bread was given him along with his milk, and gradually we accustomed him to a vegetable diet, consisting of lettuce, dandelion, cabbage, &c., with which he seemed to agree well. In a few months he became a plump sportive creature, going about the room as tame and familiar as a cat, eating the crumbs that fell on the floor, and sleeping for hours very composedly in a window-corner near the fire.

It being necessary for my father to return to head-quarters, nurse, and I, and the hare, were sent off in a chaise to Derry. Harry was placed in an open basket, where was plenty of green food; but he never tasted a morsel during the whole journey. He squatted down in a corner of the basket, and buried his head amongst the clover and lettuce-leaves. The strange movement and frequent jolting of the chaise seemed to have quite terrified him; and it was several weeks after being domiciled in society before he fairly recovered from his fright, and exhibited his wonted tameness and familiarity. It was during our residence in Derry that Harry became thoroughly domesticated, and evinced so many beautiful traits of confidence and affection, as rendered him quite a friend and favourite with every one who knew him. Whenever we rapped on the floor, Harry immediately came running out from below the bed, or from behind a large military chest, or wherever he was concealed, and would eat bread or a lettuce-leaf out of my hand; or if I held it above him, which I sometimes did to tease him, he would get upon his hind-legs, and stretch himself as far as he could, in order to get hold of the food. I very frequently lay down on the carpet, and employed myself in reading a story-book, or in turning over the quaint woodcuts of an old edition of *Æsop's Fables*. On these occasions, Harry was sure to come forth from his hiding-place, and stretch himself down at full length beside me, with his mouth almost close to mine. In this position he would frequently fall asleep. While at meals, Harry generally made his appearance; and if I called to him, and held up a crust of bread, he would jump on my knee; and if I put the crust in my mouth, holding it betwixt my teeth, he would put up his fore-feet, resting them on my breast, and in that position commence eating the crust with the greatest composure.

Though he had abundance of food, Harry delighted in gnawing at everything that came in his way. The feet of the tables and chairs bore ample testimony to the sharpness of his teeth. One night he got on the top of a table, and gnawed away nearly one-half of a small pocket-book containing some bank-notes; and on another occasion he devoured a considerable portion of my worthy nurse's wig, by which "untoward event" she was thrown into great tribulation, and was constrained to go for a day or two without having her head-gear in proper trim.

One day a man came to the house on business, who brought a dog along with him. The dog, from some cause or other, began to bark most violently. No sooner did Harry hear the strange sound than he fled below the bed. After the man and the dog had gone away, nurse rapped on the floor for Harry, as she had some food to give him; but, to her great surprise, he did not appear. She immediately began to apprehend that something was wrong, and we immediately commenced an anxious search through the house to discover him. But our search was in vain; Harry was nowhere to be found, and we were forced to conclude either that the barking of the dog had so frightened him that he had fled down stairs into the street, or that the dog had worried him and carried him away. Both nurse and I were inconsolable about the loss of our favourite. I had a tame pigeon, which had flown away a few days before. My health, never good, was at that period getting much worse. My nurse, who was as worthy and warm-hearted a woman as ever lived, was a Scotchwoman, and to a considerable extent tinged with the old superstitions of her country, regarded the flying away of the pigeon as an evil omen. The loss of the hare corroborated and increased her dark forebodings. "His doo's [pigeon's] flown away, and his hare's gaen away, and he'll soon gang away himself!" was her sorrowing exclamation to a friend who came to see us soon after the hare had disappeared. In a few days after, however, the hare, to our great joy, was discovered. The way in which we found out his hiding-place was rather curious. One of the rooms of the house which we inhabited was without furniture, and was merely used as a place to dry clothes. Nurse, in passing by the fireplace one day, observed some lumps of soot, seemingly newly fallen, lying on the hearth. The thought immediately struck her that the hare might have taken refuge in the chimney: she was quite correct in her conjecture. After groping about for some time, she at last felt Harry's warm furry skin, and gently brought down the little fugitive from his lurking-place, as black as a chimney-sweep. Great was our joy and rejoicing upon again beholding the face of our little favourite. He was soon cleaned, and brought back to his former abode, where he was fondled and caressed more than ever. He had been three or four days in the chimney without tasting food.

Towards the spring of the year after we came to Derry, Harry, though during the day as tame and docile as usual, became excessively noisy at night. Whenever we went to bed, and all was quiet, he would commence leaping from stool to chair, and from box to table; and when tired of this pastime, he would race through the house with the greatest velocity, frequently overturning various small articles of furniture in his career. To use a well-known phrase, he seemed at night to be "as mad as a March hare." These nocturnal gambols both annoyed us and the adjutant's family, who lodged in the floor below. In order, therefore, to insure quietness, it was found necessary to confine Harry at night in a small cellar in the back court. On going down one morning, to bring him up to the room from his place of confinement, it was found that he had escaped. Diligent search was

made for him in the cellar and in the back court, but he was not to be found. Whether he had found some aperture in the cellar through which to escape, or whether (as my nurse strongly supposed) the adjutant's servants had secretly killed him, for the double purpose of getting quit of the trouble which he occasioned them, and of treating themselves to a savoury dish of hare-soup, I cannot tell, but certain it is that poor Harry was never more seen.

MISDIRECTION OF GENIUS AND TALENT.

"To render the road to improvement easier, and to make the human intellect advance with rapid strides in its progress of discovery; to engender new ideas, and make our exertions more fruitful; a mode is wanting to abridge study and avoid repetitions, placing the studious man, especially the man of genius, at the point from which he is to start."—MIRABEAU.

THIS age is mighty in its own praise. It has done much, no doubt, to extend literature and science; but had its vigour been directed with more method, incalculably more might have been done. The failures, too, of this age have been numerous and miserable. How many poets and philosophic theorists have fallen into an obscurity, perhaps altogether congenial, and perhaps not so! In this latter case they had not (it might have been) watched the tendencies of the public taste, and so failed rather from the want of the tact of a bookseller than from the want of the talent of an author.

To extend literature or science, must be to add new truths to them. To do this requires an acquaintance with the immense mass of ideas which the toil and the talents of former times have gathered together. As it is by justly comparing truth with truth that we arrive at general maxims, so the more numerous our just comparisons, the more profound and accurate our conclusions; but the labour which gathers the details is as necessary as the genius which generalises them. This, however, is a labour which human indolence is ill calculated to go through; and therefore, as some men will write, they "must," in the words of Sheridan, "draw upon their imagination to eke out their deficiency of facts." Hence come the failures of those systems, whether of ideas or of things, where, to use the words of Tocqueville, "ideas are not moulded to facts, but facts to ideas." All theoretical speculation must have a substratum of facts; and if a man have not sound knowledge for his data, his conclusions may be ingenious, but they cannot be true.

Those men who have really extended literature or science have been as remarkable for their industry as for their abilities. It was as much by their labour as by their genius that they were enabled to increase the sum of human knowledge. Much of this labour, and that which was the most necessary, was directed to the acquirement of facts or ideas already known. But there is judgment to be exercised in this course of study. To be productive, it must be well directed; for it is impossible that man, even though he should live to threescore and ten, could ever hope to enrich his mind with "the spoils of all sciences and all times." To have a just and vivid idea of all those sciences which man has methodised from the material of nature, it is necessary that to universal knowledge be joined an association of ideas clear and consecutive, and a rapidity of thought intense and almost ubiquitous. As a swiftly-revolving brand seems to comprehend a circle, so will the mind seem to be at once cognisant of all sciences by the rapidity of the succession of the truths which compose them: or, in the impressive words of D'Alembert, "The universe, to him who is capable of embracing the whole at a single view, ought (if the expression is allowable) to present one grand and indivisible truth." But this sublime omniscience is an attribute only of God. To speak generally, then, one man can extend only one science; and

it seems to have been wisely ordered by the Author of Nature that some men should have a passion for particular studies, in order that all the wonders that lie hidden in every part of his great work of creation might be fully unfolded.

Some men, having directed their labour without judgment, have failed to discover truth. They have not generalised, for instance, from a review of a wide field of facts, but from an intense, and in some instances an imaginative, consideration of a few. Nothing can be more grand than, by means of a great master-principle of reason, to combine remote truths into one system. But when the subtle influence of the imagination has connected them, error is clothed in its most attractive dress, and acts with the power of truth. Unfortunately for the interests of knowledge, men are too apt to mistake ingenuity for truth; they are captivated by brilliancy. Real, honest truth is sometimes, indeed, brilliant, as in the pages of Rochefoucault; but it is oftener homely, and so much modified and entangled with conflicting considerations, that it is only with the greatest labour that even elegance of composition can be preserved, consistently with strict accuracy of idea. There are men, however, who are ready to obscure the justness of a remark for the sake of giving it an edge, and to stretch their consciences for the sake of rounding a period.

To men of ordinary talents, the labour of original investigation is in the direct ratio of the mass of truths already discovered; but to men of abilities, the conclusions of their predecessors are the starting-points whence they proceed to fresh discoveries: and it must be obvious, that the greater the mass of truths investigated, the higher the order of intellect fitted to discover more. Every new luminary in the world of letters diminishes the lustre of the rest, and raises the standard by which speculative thought is to be valued.

These men, therefore, who have failed in their attempts to strike out new or great things in letters or philosophy, may have committed a double fault: they may have over-rated their own capacity, and undervalued the labour. They had not possessed themselves of all the truths of their predecessors, or, if so, they had not the energy to proceed further. Yet these are men of good education, who in their youth formed schemes, perhaps, of the utmost magnitude; but they found they were obliged to contract them, in order to make room for those of their neighbours, whose ambition did not, like theirs, outstrip their abilities.

In the worlds of commerce and diplomacy, each individual rises to higher functions, in proportion to the united influence of his abilities and character; but in the world of letters, it is in the power of any man to attempt the highest order of investigation. Public neglect very generally forces him into one of two extremes, although time materially modifies his feelings. If his vanity be very considerable, he contents himself with the approbation of a posterity, to which, perhaps, an imagination as complimentary as fertile could hardly give being. If his vanity has merely for a time obscured his good sense, his feelings receive a mortifying revulsion in the conviction of his general inability; and, by a strange contradiction of his self-esteem, he will hardly give himself credit for those more ordinary capabilities which his severest critic would be ashamed to deny him.

The result is, that, for a time at least, the progress of knowledge is indirectly retarded. Such men as these ought to have begun humbly, and with caution; they ought to have experimented, and they would have risen to the just level which was warranted by their talents: or, if determined to earn a name, they ought to have struck out a new course of action. But this is the prerogative of genius, and they have no pretensions to that. Then they ought to have followed a course of action pointed out

by one who was a man of great genius—by Mirabeau, the spirit of the French Revolution.

Condense what is known, so as to "avoid repetition." Indicate what is still deficient—where there are blanks in philosophy, and what the materials are by means of which a man of genius is to fill them up. In short, do what Mirabeau indicates in the extract at the head of this article, and you accomplish for the great body of your fellow-men what the "master-spirits" of our race have accomplished for you. This is within the reach of men of ordinary talent, with whom the present age abounds. Let them try to accomplish by *condensation* what too many are endeavouring to do by *expansion*.

THE SLAVE-TRADE AND ITS REMEDY.

NO. I.

IN discussing SLAVERY and the SLAVE-TRADE, there are two ideas which should be kept clearly and distinctly before every mind. We will put what we call the best, or the brightest, idea first, as it may tend to make the other more palatable.

So long as Great Britain and the United States of America contain persevering, earnest, and eloquent men, actuated really or professedly by the spirit of the New Testament, or actuated by a general sentiment of sympathy and hatred of oppression, so long will there be agitation maintained against Slavery and the Slave-trade; and not all the sneers about rhetorical clap-traps, nor the cold criticisms of cold critics, nor obstruction, or even personal danger, will stop the current of that agitation, or extinguish the enthusiasm which prompts the crusade against those who pollute the "holy city" of humanity.

But so long as there is a demand for slave labour, so long as there is a profit in the buying and selling of men, so long as slave-grown produce fetches its annual millions in British markets, so long will Slavery and the Slave-trade maintain their ground, in spite of speeches about tyrants, oppression, rights of man, &c. &c., even though turned up with scraps of poetry—ay, and in spite of all the cheers of Exeter Hall!

Here, then, is a mighty matter. "Slavery and the Slave-trade" involve vast interests, and their "remedy" involves the employment of a vast amount of moral power and physical force—of long-continued perseverance, of untired and unflinching courage.

The slave abolitionists have to stop the annual drain of human beings from Africa, with all its accompanying sufferings, and agonies, and death; in which they will have to encounter mercantile profit, capital, cunning, cupidity, and skill, with a continent on which to operate, a great sea to watch, and ports to close. And in putting down Slavery all over the world, they will have to extinguish that of the United States, which, with its slave-grown cotton, enriches planters, bankers, and merchants, crowds the quays and vessels of New Orleans, New York, and Liverpool; fills the factories of Manchester and Glasgow; works the steam-engine, employs our manufacturing skill, and affects enormous pecuniary interests on both sides of the Atlantic.

A mighty business it is, indeed, which spreads itself before these abolitionists—a business in which, if they stop short or fail, better they had never meddled with it at all; but in which even if they partially succeed, they cannot fail of conferring a permanent boon on humanity.

We proceed now to notice (in fulfilment of our promise in the previous paper) Mr. Buxton's book—"The African Slave-trade and its Remedy," but may introduce it by the following volunteer

testimony from a naval officer, which has appeared in the newspapers:—

"I would earnestly entreat the public to peruse the work of that great philanthropist, Mr. Buxton. My service of eight years on the western coast of Africa, in command of her Majesty's vessels, when it fell to my lot to capture 40 vessels, having on board 4200 human beings, enables me to declare that the horrors of the Slave-trade, as described in that book, so far from being exaggerated (as those unacquainted with the subjects and Mr. Buxton might suppose), are, in truth, underrated. I can, with perfect sincerity, assure you that no pen can portray—no tongue, however eloquent, can describe—half the horrors of that most iniquitous traffic. For these enormities a remedy is proposed, which my experience enables me to say is perfectly practicable; but it will require the co-operation, assistance, and countenance of the wealthy, the influential, the benevolent—indeed, of every good man.

"Cove of Cork.

"R. HAGAN."

Some notice of the existing slave-trade has already appeared in the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL" (see No. 65), and we need only here say, that a large portion of Mr. Buxton's book is necessarily occupied by details proving the extent, the suffering, and the demoralising nature of the Slave-trade as it now exists, compared with what it was in former times.

Mr. Buxton's first proposition is, that upwards of 150,000 human beings are annually conveyed from Africa, across the Atlantic, and sold as slaves, in the Brazils, Cuba, &c. To obtain this 150,000, he calculates that a large amount of waste and destruction must take place in the wars of the natives, made chiefly to obtain slaves, in the hasty marches down to the place of embarkation, in the horrid passage across the Atlantic, along with outbreaks of disease, &c. &c. We shall take Mr. Buxton's recapitulation of the details given in his book:—

"In the debate of 2d April, 1792, Mr. Fox rated the slave-trade at 80,000 annually: he says, 'I think the least disreputable way of accounting for the supply of slaves, is to represent them as having been convicted of crimes by legal authority. What does the House think is the whole number of these convicts exported annually from Africa? Eighty thousand.' In the same debate Mr. Pitt observed, 'I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of 80,000 persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilised nations in the most enlightened quarter of the globe.' The late Zachary Macaulay, than whom the African has had no better friend, told me a few days before his death, that upon the most accurate investigation he was able to make as to the extent of the Slave-trade, he had come to the conclusion that it was 70,000 annually, fifty years ago. Twenty years ago the African Institution reported to the Duke of Wellington that it was 70,000. We will assume, then, that the number at the commencement of the discussion was 70,000 negroes annually transported from Africa. There is evidence before the Parliamentary Committees to show that about one-third was for the British islands, and one-third for St. Domingo: so that, strictly speaking, if the slave-trade of other countries had been stationary, they ought only at the utmost to import 25,000; but I have already proved that the number annually landed in Cuba and Brazil, &c., is 150,000, being more than double the whole draught upon Africa, including the countries where it had ceased, when the slave-trade controversy began. Twice as many human beings are now its victims as when Wilberforce and Clarkson entered upon their noble task; and each individual of this increased number, in addition to the horrors which were endured in former times, has to suffer from being crammed up in a narrower space, and on board a vessel where accommodation is sacrificed to speed."

"SUMMARY.—1st. The loss incident to the seizure, march to the coast, and detention there.

"Newton is of opinion, that the captives reserved for sale are fewer than the slain.

"Mr. Miles stated to the committee in 1790, that in one of the 'skirmishes' for slaves, 'above 60,000 men' were destroyed.

"Bosman narrates, that in two of these skirmishes 'above 100,000 men were killed;' and Mr. Devaynes has said, that in one of these skirmishes, '60,000 lost their lives.*' And Denham narrates, that in five marauding excursions '20,000, at least,' were slaughtered, and 16,000 sent into slavery; and he gives another instance, where 'probably 6,000' were slaughtered, in procuring 3,000 slaves.

"On the route to the coast, we may cite the authority of Park, Denham, &c.; and M. Mendez estimates the loss on this head to amount to five-twelfths of the whole.

"For the mortality occasioned by detention before embarkation we have the authority of Frazer, Park, Leonard, Landers, and Bailey.

"From these authorities we are fairly entitled to assume, that from the sources—seizure, march, and detention—for every slave embarked one life is sacrificed.

"2dly. The loss from the middle passage appears to be not less than 25 per cent., or one-fourth of the number embarked. For this there is conclusive evidence. The witnesses have no assignable motive for exaggeration; they are men holding public situations, of unimpeachable veracity, and with the best opportunities of forming a correct estimate.

"The Rev. John Newton had himself been for many years a slave-trader, and speaks of what he saw. The Slave-trade was then legal, and the vessels employed were usually large and commodious, and very different from the American clippers now in use. He rates the loss during the middle passage at 25 per cent. Captain Ramsay had commanded one of her Majesty's cruisers employed in suppressing the Slave-trade, had taken many slavers, and could not be ignorant of the state of the captured cargoes. His estimate is 33 per cent.

"Slave-trading vessels are continually passing under the eye of the governor of Cape-Coast Castle. His attention has been constantly kept alive to the subject, and few men have had such opportunities of arriving at the real truth. Mr. Maclean's estimate is 33 per cent.

"Commodore Owen reports that which came to his knowledge while he was employed by government in surveying the eastern coast of Africa. His estimate is 50 per cent. This excess, as compared with the others, is accounted for by the additional length of the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope.

"If, after such testimony, there were room for hesitation, it must be removed by witnesses of a very different kind. The Spanish slave-merchants of Monte Video, it is fair to presume, are well acquainted with the usual rate of mortality in their slave-vessels; and we may give them credit for not acting contrary to their own interests; so confident are they that at least one-third will perish, that they providently incur the expense of sending out that amount of surplus, for the purpose (in their own words) 'of covering the deaths on the voyage.'

"I should be justified in taking the average of these authorities, which would be 34 per cent; but as it is my wish to be assuredly within the mark, I will state the mortality from the middle passage at twenty-five per cent.

"In the same spirit, I will take no notice of the mortality after capture, which (says the report of the Parliamentary Committee) amounts to from one-sixth to one-half.

"3dly. As to the loss after landing, and in the seasoning:—

"Under this head, we have, among others, two authorities which require particular attention; one of them referring to the time when the Slave-trade was legal, the other to a recent date, and both of them of unexceptionable character. Mr. Stanley, a West

India agent, arguing for the continuance of the Slave-trade, and lauding the treatment of the negroes, confesses that *one-half* frequently die in the seasoning. The other—the report of the medical officers appointed to investigate the state of the liberated Africans at the Gambia, describes a large proportion of them as labouring under disease, 'nothing equal to which has been known hitherto in the annals of physic.' If such be their state when they fall into the hands of the British, are treated by them with kindness, and are relieved from their most frightful apprehensions, may we not suppose that their state is still more miserable, and the mortality still greater, when they are landed clandestinely at Cuba, and know that they are doomed to interminable bondage?

"Upon the strength and authority of these facts, I might fairly estimate the loss under this head at one-third; but I think I cannot err on the side of exaggeration, in setting it down at twenty per cent., or *one-fifth* of the number landed.

"Nor does the mortality stop here. In slave countries, but more especially where the Slave-trade prevails, there is invariably a great diminution of human life; the numbers annually born fall greatly below the numbers which perish. It would not be difficult to prove that, in the last fifty years, there has been in this way a waste of millions of lives; but as this view of the subject would involve the horrors of Slavery as well as of the Slave-trade, I shall abstain from adding anything on this head to the catalogue of mortality which I have already given.

"Our calculation may thus be brought into a narrow compass:—

Of 1000 victims to the Slave-trade,	
One-half perish in the seizure, march, and detention . . .	500
Of 500 consequently embarked—	
One-fourth, or 25 per cent., perish in the middle passage . . .	125
Of the remaining 375 landed, one-fifth, or 20 per cent.,	
perish in the seasoning . . .	75

Total loss . . .	700
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So that 300 negroes only, or *three-tenths* of the whole number of victims, remain alive at the end of a year after their deportation; and the number of lives sacrificed by the system bears to the number of slaves available to the planter, the proportion of seven to three.

"Then applying this calculation to the number annually landed at Brazil, Cuba, &c., which I have rated at . . . 150,000
Of these *one-fifth* die in the seasoning . . . 30,000

Leaving available to the planter . . .	120,000
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The number of lives annually sacrificed being in the

proportion of seven to three* . . .	280,000
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Annual victims of Christian Slave-trade . . .	400,000
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"Proceeding in like manner with the Mohammedan Slave-trade, we find the numbers to be

Exported by the Imaum of Muscat . . .	30,000
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Carried across the desert . . .	20,000
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	50,000
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Loss by seizure, march, and detention . . .	50,000
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Annual victims of Mohammedan Slave-trade . . .	100,000
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" " Christian " . . .	400,000
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Annual loss to Africa . . .	500,000
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"It is impossible for any one to reach this result, without sus-

* "This amount may be verified in the following manner:—

Taking the annual victims at . . .	400,000
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One-half perish before embarkation . . .	200,000
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Embarked . . .	200,000
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One-fourth in the middle passage . . .	50,000
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Landed . . .	150,000
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One-fifth in the seasoning . . .	30,000
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Available . . .	120,000
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* "It is obvious that these very large numbers must be received with considerable qualification. There can be no doubt, however, that the slaughter was great."

pecting as well as hoping that it must be an exaggeration; and yet there are those who think that this is too low an estimate."

Now, what is it which supports this extraordinary amount of human suffering, in defiance of treaties and ships of war? Here it is—"The extraordinary profits of the Slave-trade."

"It is, I believe," says Mr. Buxton, "an axiom at the custom-house, that no illicit trade can be suppressed where the profits exceed 30 per cent."

"I will prove that the profits of the slave-trader are nearly five times that amount. 'Of the enormous profits of the Slave-trade,' says Commissioner Macleay, 'the most correct idea will be formed by taking an example. The last vessel condemned by the mixed commission was the Firm.' He gives the cost of—

	Dollars.
Her cargo	28,000
Provisions, ammunition, wear and tear, &c.	10,600
Wages	13,400
Total expense	52,000
Total product	145,000

"There was a clear profit on the human cargo of this vessel of 18,600*l.*, or just 180 per cent. A still more striking case is that of the *Venus*, whose departure from Havana is thus noticed by the commissioner, in his despatch of August 22, 1838:—"The *Venus* is destined for Mozambique, and is arranged to bring as many as one thousand negroes; in which case, it is said, she would clear to the speculators from 100,000 to 200,000 dollars—her cost price being estimated at 50,000, and the expenses of cargo and slaves at another 50,000 dollars.' Her return is thus noticed in a private letter, dated Havana, January 24, 1839:—"The *Venus* is at this moment in the port, having landed upwards of 850 slaves on the coast a few miles south of Havana; she was intended to carry one thousand, but the approach of some cruisers determined her captain to start without his complement.' My informant thus calculates the profits of the adventure:—"The price of slaves at the Havana is stated to be 70*l.* per head for prime slaves; but supposing the cargo of the *Venus* did not entirely consist of prime slaves, and that the average value did not exceed 50*l.*

850 slaves, at 50 <i>l.</i> each	£42,500
Allowing for expenses of voyage	£2,500
Cost of 850 slaves on the coast, at 4 <i>l.</i> per hd.	3,400
	5,900
Net profit	£36,600

"Will any one who knows the state of Cuba and Brazil pretend that this is not enough to shut the mouth of the informer, to arrest the arm of the police, to blind the eyes of the magistrates, and to open the doors of the prison?"

What is the Remedy?

REMNANT OF SERFDOM IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

A PERSON from the south or midland counties of England, journeying northward, is struck, when he enters Durham or Northumberland, with the sights of bands of women working in the fields under the surveillance of one man. One or two of such bands, of from half-a-dozen to a dozen women, generally young, might be passed over; but when they recur again and again, and you observe them wherever you go, they become a marked feature of the agricultural system of the country, you naturally inquire how it is that such regular bands of female labourers prevail there? The answer, in the provincial tongue, is, "Oh, they are the bone-ditches; i. e., bondages. Bondages!—that is an odd sound, you think, in England. What! have we bondage, a rural serfdom still existing in free and fair England? Even so. The thing is astounding enough, but it is a fact. As I cast my eyes for the first time on these female bands in the fields, working under their drivers, I was, before making

any inquiries respecting them, irresistibly reminded of the slaves in the West Indies. Turnip-hoeing, somehow, associated itself strangely in my brain with sugar-dressing; but when I heard these women called "bondages," the association became tenfold strong. On all the large estates in these counties, and in the south of Scotland, the bondage system prevails. No married labourer is permitted to dwell on these estates unless he enters into a bond to comply with this system. These labourers are termed hinds. Small houses are built for them on the shore; and on some of these estates, as those of the Duke of Northumberland, all these cottages are numbered, and the number is painted on the door. A hind, therefore, engaged to work on one of the farms belonging to the estate has a house assigned him. He has 4*l.* a-year in money, the keep of a cow, his fuel found him—a prescribed quantity of coal, wood, or peat, to each cottage. He is allowed to plant a certain quantity of land with potatoes, and has thirteen bolls of corn furnished him for his family consumption—one-third being oats, one-third barley, and one-third pease. In return for these advantages, he is bound to give his labour the year round, and also to furnish a woman's labour at 1*s.* per day during harvest, and 6*d.* per day for the rest of the year. Now it appears at once that this is an hereditary serfdom in its mitigated form, in which alone modern notions and feelings would tolerate it. It may even be said that this is a voluntary system; that it is merely married hinds doing that which unmarried farm-servants do everywhere else—hire themselves on certain conditions from year to year. The great question is, whether these conditions are just and favourable to the social and moral improvement of the labouring class; whether, indeed, it be quite so voluntary a nature as at first sight appears; whether it be favourable to the outward movement of the community in knowledge, virtue, and active and enterprising habits.—*Hewitt's Rural Life.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THOMAS TELFORD.

THOMAS TELFORD, the celebrated engineer, was born in the county of Dumfries, in 1757. His father was a shepherd: but the future engineer, who was an only son, had in both parents the invaluable blessing of honest, anxious guardians; his mother, in particular, was a worthy woman, whose watchful and affectionate care was felt through life by Telford, and he endeavoured to repay it by a return of affectionate and dutiful attachment.

Young Telford received the rudiments of a common education in his native parish school. In summer he was employed as a shepherd boy; and as this was an occupation not requiring much bodily exertion, it gave him opportunity for reading, and he devoured whatever books came in his way. So sensible was he of the benefit to be derived from reading in early life, that in his will he left a thousand pounds, in trust, for the minister of his native parish, the interest to be annually expended on books for the parish library.

Like most young folks of an intellectual cast, his first efforts in a literary way took the direction of poetry. He wrote a poem called "Eskdale," the name of the pastoral district in which his birth-place lay. As he grew up, he left the idler and more contemplative occupation of a shepherd for the harder one of a mason, employed in building farm-houses, with their appendages; and in after-life he attributed much of his success to the necessity of working with his own hands, and thus acquiring a steadiness of hand and eye, and a practical knowledge, which he could not otherwise have gained. By the time he was twenty-three years of age, he considered himself master of his business, as practised in Dumfries-shire; and having an opportunity of visiting Edinburgh, a new and extensive field of observation was opened up to him, in

the study of those architectural improvements which had then commenced in the Scottish metropolis, and which have rendered it one of the most splendid cities in Europe. He next went to London, where he spent two years, supporting himself by his labour, and greatly improving himself in his profession. He had also an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the most celebrated architects of the day; and created an impression that he was a young man of very considerable ability, steadiness, and independence of character.

The fruit of this was his receiving from Mr. Wyatt, one of a numerous family of architects, the superintendence of the building of a house in Plymouth dockyard for the resident commissioners. This was a great step in his career. During three years that he attended the building of the house, and of a new chapel for the dockyard, he had opportunities of observing the various operations in the foundation and construction of graving docks, wharf-walls, and similar works, which afterwards became his chief occupation. The dockyard works having been completed in 1787, Sir William Pulteney, M.P. for Shrewsbury, took him down into Shropshire, to superintend alterations in Shrewsbury Castle, an old baronial residence. The patronage of this gentleman was of great importance to him, in developing his talents, and helping to bring him into notice. Five miles from Shrewsbury, on the eastern bank of the Severn, stands Wroxeter, on the site of the Roman town, *Uriconium*. A farmer, digging for stones, discovered small pillars and a paved floor, at the depth of about two feet. Upon this the excavation was suspended until Sir W. Pulteney gave permission to proceed; and Mr. Telford having the direction of it, coins, vases, ruins, &c. were discovered. The county magistrates also engaged Telford to superintend the erection of a new gaol, to be built in conformity with the suggestions of Howard, the philanthropist.

The reputation of Telford rose rapidly in Shropshire; and he became regularly employed as the surveyor of an extensive county, which is intersected by one of the most considerable rivers in the kingdom, the Severn, with sundry inferior streams falling into it. Most of the Severn bridges were old and insecure, and, from the narrowness of their arches, presented great obstructions to the navigation; and thus a suitable opportunity was presented for calling out the original resources of Telford's mind. The first bridge he erected was at Montford, about four miles west of Shrewsbury, on the road to North Wales; and his second at Buildwas, about ten miles below Shrewsbury. The old bridge at Buildwas, supposed to be of the same age as the ruins of the adjacent abbey, which is of Norman architecture, was destroyed by a high flood in 1795; and in its place Telford erected one of cast-iron, which, with all the improvements which have taken place in bridge-building, is still considered one of the most remarkable;—it is a suspension-bridge, its single arch being 130 feet in span. In addition to his Severn bridges, he superintended the erection of forty smaller ones throughout the county of Salop; and one in Scotland, at Tongueland, near the town of Kirkcudbright, over the river Dee. Here he had to cross the river by a bridge of a single arch of 112 feet span; the banks were high and rocky, and the ordinary rise of the tide upwards of twenty feet, the depth at low water ten feet. "To support with centering an arch of this magnitude (112 feet) was an arduous task, the water at an extraordinary spring-tide being thirty feet in depth, and moving with considerable velocity; the arch was, however, successfully turned, without any accident whatever." The foundation-stone was laid in March 1805; and the bridge was passable in November 1806.

Before this time, however, he had engaged in works which raised him greatly in his profession and in public reputation, as at once a very bold, very cautious, and consequently very successful engineer. Towards the end of last century, the construction of canals were as much a public passion as railroads are now; and a project was started to unite, by canal navigation, the rivers Severn, Dee, and Mersey; and the reputation which Telford had established for himself in managing the Shropshire works pointed him out to the committee of management, chiefly composed of county magistrates, as a proper person to be entrusted with this novel undertaking. Telford accepted it, not from any overweening conceit in his own powers, but from that sober self-reliance, caution, and resolute determination, which characterised him. Here all his past experience, and all the knowledge acquired by slow degrees and careful study, came to aid him. "When a navigable canal," says Telford, "is carried over deep or wide valleys, an aqueduct becomes a formidable work, and demands all the skill of the engineer. My previous experience of bridge-building qualified me to conduct works of this description; but as each particular case requires peculiar treatment, engineers, by adhering to one mode of construction, had sometimes met with serious failures, which were not only productive of disgrace to themselves, but involved their employers in disappointment and expense: these instances induced me to proceed with caution, and to study with great care the nature of each work." Two of the most remarkable of Telford's aqueducts are upon this canal; they are the most beautiful works of their kind in the kingdom. Both of them have the advantage of being happily situated. The Chirk aqueduct, over the well-wooded valley of the Ceriog, "with Chirk Castle on an eminence immediately above it, Glen-Cerog and the Welsh mountains in the back-ground; the village of Chirk, with Lord Duncannon's seat and woods to the eastward; and in the intermediate space Ceriog Bridge and the Holyhead road, itself a beautiful work of art." The other aqueduct, Pont-y-Cysylte, over the river Dee, about four miles north of Chirk, was a more arduous work, and forms a still more striking object. In its construction he had to deviate from all the usual principles of aqueduct-building: but though the undertaking was unprecedented, and generally considered hazardous, Telford, having first carefully weighed and settled all his own plans of procedure, went on in confidence of ultimate success.

This canal, the Ellesmere and Chester, runs through Cheshire, Denbighshire and Shropshire, and has a length of sixty-one miles. Telford had been engaged on it and other works for ten years, when an opportunity was afforded him of being employed in the construction of the greatest work of the kind that has ever been accomplished. This was the Caledonian Canal. Across Scotland runs a valley, called the Great Glen of Scotland, commencing between the promontory of Burgh-head in Elginshire and Cromarty, and passes through a succession of sea-lochs and fresh-water lochs (lakes) to the southern extremity of Cantyre, a distance of two hundred miles, and in nearly a straight direction between the Naze of Norway and the north of Ireland. It was proposed to link these navigable waters together by a canal, and thus open a navigation across Scotland, and save a dangerous voyage of upwards of five hundred miles round its northern extremity. "In the year 1801," says Telford, "government employed me to survey the coasts of Scotland, also the interior of the country, and report generally as to their present state, and what improvements were most advisable. The result of my investigations comprehended the establishment of naval sta-

tions, improving or creating ports, constructing roads, building bridges, and opening a navigable communication along the Great Glen of Scotland by the Caledonian Canal." The result of Mr. Telford's report was, that, after full and laborious investigation, two boards of parliamentary commissioners were established: one for making roads and bridges in the Highlands, the other for the Caledonian Canal; the committee to which the report was referred having submitted to the House their opinion, that the execution of the inland navigation proposed in Mr. Telford's survey, under all due regulations for the economical expenditure of such moneys as might be employed in this great work, would be a measure highly conducive to the prosperity and happiness of that part of Scotland, and of great importance to the general interests of the whole United Kingdom.

"The Caledonian Canal differs from others chiefly by its dimensions, which, in deep cutting, embanking, and lining, created a great expense: and though the fresh-water lakes in its line were advantageous, as forming thirty-seven miles and a half of its length, yet, by causing eight junctions, they occasioned much labour and expense, and great difficulty to the engineer." It was commenced in 1803, and finished in 1829. "Thus this great and difficult work, performed in twenty years, in a remote district, and under a variety of other disadvantages, is proof of what may be accomplished by judicious arrangement and steady perseverance: but it must be acknowledged with regret, that the Caledonian Canal has not accomplished its primary and national object, in facilitating the conveyance of Baltic timber to the western ports of Great Britain and to Ireland." This is ascribed to the enhancement in the price of Baltic timber, by the prohibitory duty in favour of the Canada timber-trade.

"It is worthy of notice," says the Quarterly Review, "that, numerous as the labourers were who were employed upon the Caledonian Canal in its various stages, during the many years that it was in progress, there were no disturbances among them, nor were any complaints made of their conduct. The cause is to be found in that superintendence which was exercised in all parts of this great undertaking; in that order and regularity of which every man felt the benefit, and which therefore made every man satisfied with himself and his employers."

Amongst other numerous works in which Mr. Telford was engaged, may be mentioned his improvements effected on the Birmingham Canal, planned originally by Brindley; and more especially his connexion with the improvement of the Bedford Level; "a district comprehending the low lands on each side of the bay called the Wash, which divides the counties of Norfolk and Lincoln, and occupies a space which, measured from Cambridge to a line drawn between Lincoln and Wainfleet, is about sixty miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth. This extensive flat is bounded by the higher lands of six counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln; the area of the Bedford Level exclusively being about 530 English square miles, and therefore 400 square miles geographical, or 340,000 English acres, and those the most productive in Great Britain." The Rennies were engaged with Telford in the projected improvements, by which a vast quantity of fertile land has been recovered and put under cultivation, and an extensive district in many respects materially benefited.

The most admired of Mr. Telford's numerous works is Menai Bridge—the finest suspension-bridge hitherto erected, and a noble monument of his scientific skill. Menai Bridge, the reader may be aware, is thrown across Menai Strait, which separates the

island of Anglesea from the main land of Caernarvonshire. It was commenced in 1819, and finished by the beginning of 1826; and was built principally to facilitate the passage of the mail-coaches to Holyhead, the point of embarkation for Dublin: yet the bridge, a magnificent termination to the finest road in the kingdom, is already rendered not so useful as it was originally intended, by the opening of the railways which connect London and Liverpool.

"But we have no room for further details: it must suffice only to mention the great improvements in the harbours of Dundee and Aberdeen, St. Katharine's Dock, the Götha Canal in Sweden—for Telford's well-earned reputation was not confined to his own country—the bridges at Glasgow and Edinburgh, the Holyhead Road, which it is to be hoped will never be neglected and fall into disuse in consequence of railways; the Menai Bridge, which, of all Telford's works, most excited the admiration of foreigners and travellers, even those who had seen the greatest monuments of the ancient world; and the Conway Bridge, where the road, though it seems to aim at a direct entrance into the old castle, is carried round its basement of rock, and passes through a gateway of the town wall," &c. &c.

Mr. Telford, who was of athletic mould, had never suffered any serious illness till the age of seventy, when, in the year 1827, he was afflicted by a severe and painful disorder at Cambridge. From that time he became liable to bilious derangements of a dangerous kind. He died on the 2d of September, 1834. "A pleasant companion, a constant and considerate as well as kind friend, it is seldom that one individual has rendered essential services to so many; and he had his reward, his life having been as happy as it was honourable to himself and useful to his country. He seems never to have been visited by any calamity; there was a blessing on him; his days were long in the land, and his good name will be as durable as the greatest of those great and numerous works which will perpetuate it." At the instance of the institution of Civil Engineers, of which Mr. Telford had been the active and influential president, he was buried in Westminster Abbey; his own wish having been, that he should be interred in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

STATE OF THE POOR IN OUR LARGE TOWNS.

In the last half century, the social condition of the working classes has undergone an immense change, which has not been sufficiently looked to by the legislature. In 1790, the workers in towns to the labourers in the country were as one to two. In 1840 it is just the reverse, the workers being to the labourers as two to one. The proportion of manufacturers, miners, and artisans to agricultural labourers, is for Staffordshire, three to one; Warwickshire, four to one; West Riding of Yorkshire, six to one; Lancashire, ten to one; Middlesex, twelve to one. This influx has in many towns been very badly lodged; while the fluctuations of trade and manufactures have thrown thousands suddenly out of employ. It is among the lower classes, especially among the Irish who have emigrated into the heart of our largest towns, that fevers are the rifest and most fatal. Before touching on the fevers of our metropolis, let us look at the dwellings of the poor in the larger provincial towns. Of 11,000 houses at Nottingham, 8,000 are built back to back, (*Journal of Statistical Soc.*, Jan. 1840); that is, they are devoid of ventilation. At Liverpool there are 7,862 inhabited cellars, described as dark, damp, dirty, and ill-ventilated; they lodge one-seventh of the whole population, of whom 39,300 are of the working classes. There are besides 2,270 courts, in which from two to six families reside, and few of these courts have more than one outlet. What a miserable disregard does this show of all that should constitute a healthful abode!—the absence of pure air and sunshine; the constant presence of

damp and contaminate vapours. In Manchester, of 123,232 workers, 14,960 live in cellars. At Bury, one-third of the working classes are so badly off, that in 773 houses one bed served four persons; in 207, there was one bed for five; and in 78, one bed for six persons.

In Bristol, forty-six per cent. of the working classes have but one room for a family.

Leeds, which the registrar-general finds a most unhealthy place, of 17,800 houses, has 13,600 under 104. In the north-east ward, containing 15,400 of the working classes, or about a fifth of the whole population, three streets have sewers; twelve have them partly; thirty-eight have none; and the state of forty is *unknown*.

The miseries of Glasgow, as described by Dr. Cowan, are almost incredible in a country which is sending its gold and its missionaries to the millions who need them less than the amalgam of 30,000 Irish and Highlanders that wallow in filth, crime, and wretchedness in the cellars and wynds of this great commercial city. From ten to twenty persons of both sexes lie huddled together, amid their rags and filth, on the floor, each night. The cellars are beer and spirit shops. Multitudes of the younger girls, says Mr. Symmonds, applied to Captain Miller, the head of the Glasgow police, to rescue them from those scenes to which they were driven by sheer want. A year or two served to harden and hurry them, from drunkenness, vice, and disease, to an early grave. Dr. Cowan, in his Vital Statistics, says, "In 1837, 21,800 persons had fever in Glasgow." In London, the mortality in some of the parishes is four times that of others. Poverty need not be so embittered. Want of food is not the sole cause; for the agricultural labourer works as hard and is as ill fed. It is the impurity of the dwelling, and the contamination which ensues where vice is allowed to herd with want, that fills our towns with misery and disease.—*Quarterly Review*.

MORTALITY.

On! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-fitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave!

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around, and together be laid;
And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest—
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praise
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoy'd the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even then we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorn'd—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joy'd—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that *are* now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

KNOX.

THE TIDES, AND HEIGHT OF WAVES IN STORMS.

Of the tides and their causes, and of the phenomena that distinguish them, we can say little more than this—that notwithstanding the wisdom and sagacity of Newton, there is yet much to employ the wisdom and sagacity of others; and that, while certain of their strangest anomalies are easily understood now,—such, for example, as that of the tide in the Bay of Fundy, which rises seventy feet, overtaking at full speed, and overwhelming large vessels at once that lie in its path, with the suddenness of a cataract or a tornado, all which is owing to the simple fact that the Bay of Fundy is shaped like a tunnel, growing narrower and narrower as it runs up into the land,—others continue to be a puzzle and a mystery to the wisest of our natural philosophers.

Nor can we stop to consider the waves—further than to observe that the popular notions on the subject are astonishingly erroneous; that they are caused by the friction of the wind acting upon the surface; that round the Cape of Good Hope they are so enormous, that a few ridges and a few depressions occupy a mile of the surface; and that all we hear about waves running mountains high means only this, and cannot possibly mean more in the open sea—namely, that a wave there may rise to the height of ten feet above the level of the ocean, while the ship herself may be ten feet below in the hollow, making a difference at most of only twenty feet; that the people are under a great mistake who believe that the substance of the water moves to any considerable depth in a storm at sea. It is only the form or shadow which hurries along like a spirit—or like a thought over the countenance of the great deep—at the rate of some forty miles an hour, even when the flying Dutchman is abroad; the great mass of water continuing undisturbed and nearly motionless a few feet below the surface.

PROGRESSION.

He that is good may hope to become better, he that is bad may fear that he will become worse: for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.—*Colton*.

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution or a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS BY A NOBLEMAN.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense;
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
I pity, from my soul, unhappy men
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, died 1684.

THE EXCHANGEABLE VALUE OF MONEY.

The exchangeable value of money is not derived from its shape or colour, from the stamp of the mint, or from the enactments of government; but, like everything else, it is based upon the cost of its production, varying slightly, and for short periods, with the accidental fluctuations of supply and demand. And hence the reason why a man exchanges a bushel of wheat for two ounces of silver, and a yard of broad cloth for six ounces, is, that it costs as much labour and capital to produce the one at the place of exchange as the other, and that no one can produce the given amount of silver, by mining, or in any other way, without expending the same amount of labour and capital that the flour-merchant or the manufacturer has expended in the creation of his products.—*Wayland's Political Economy.*

CASH.

Cash is a great power: yet it has not all power in heaven—no, nor even on earth!—*Carlyle.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, AND MILTON.

Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or real life; Spenser, as the poet of romance; Shakespeare, as the poet of nature, in the largest use of the term, and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakespeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be. As poets, and as great poets, Imagination, or the power of feigning things according to nature, was common to them all: but the principle or moving power, to which this faculty was most subservient in Chaucer, was habit or inveterate prejudice; in Spenser, novelty and the love of the marvellous; in Shakespeare, it was the force of passion, combined with every variety of possible circumstances; and in Milton, only with the highest. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakespeare, everything.—*Hastitt.*

SMALL MISERIES TORMENTING.

Life's smallest miseries are perhaps its worst;
Great sufferings have great strength—there is a pride
In the bold energy that braves the worst,
And bears proud in the daring: but the heart
Consumes with these small sorrows and small shames,
Which crave, yet cannot ask for sympathy!
They blush that they exist, and yet
How keen the pang that they inflict!—*The late L. E. L.*

A SLEDGE-DRIVER ON THE POLAR SEAS.

After driving through the thick brine with much difficulty for seven weeks, we came to a number of large fissures, which we passed with some trouble by the aid of the boards which we had brought with us. The ice was heaped up in several places in little mounds or hillocks, which at the slightest touch sunk into a kind of slough. This rotten ice was hardly a foot thick; the sea was twelve fathoms deep, the ground green mud; the countless fissures in every direction, through which the sea-water came up mixed with a quantity of earth and mud; the little hillocks above described, and the water streaming amongst them, all gave to the field of ice the appearance of a great morass, over which we contrived to advance two weeks further to the north, crossing the narrower fissures, and going round the larger ones. At last they became so numerous and so wide, that it was hard to say whether the sea beneath us was really still covered by a connected coat of ice, or only by a number of detached floating fragments, having everywhere two or more feet of water between them. A single gust of wind would have been sufficient to drive these fragments against each other, and being already thoroughly saturated with water, they would have sunk in a few minutes, leaving nothing but sea on the spot where we were standing.—*Wrangell's Narrative.*

A FRIEND.

A friend
Ingenuous, noble, faithful, generous,
E'en but to look on him had been full warrant
Against the accusing tongue of men or angel,
To all the world beside—
A friend whose fostering love had been the stay,
The guide, the solace of his wayward youth,—
Love steady, tried, unwearied,—
A friend who in his best devoted thoughts,
His happiness in earth, his bliss in heaven,
Intwined his image, and could nought desire
Of separate good.—*Joanna Baslie.*

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

The day arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd;
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh! grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows:
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her hung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue.)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And—if she can—exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care;
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought,
Never to die, with many a liping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh, he would follow—follow through the sky:
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide—
A dangerous voyage!—or, if now he can,
(If now he wears the habit of a man,) Flings off the coat, so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes—for ever in her sight—
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

Recess.

DECOROUS DISSIPATION.

The habitual use of tinctures and medicinal drugs can be regarded only as a more specious and decorous mode of intemperance. In this may be said to consist the principal debauchery of many a nervous valetudinarian. A female of decorum and delicacy may thus effectually ruin her health, without in the slightest degree impairing her reputation. She may allay the qualms of the stomach, without the danger of occasioning any disagreeable qualms of conscience.—*Reid.*

HUMAN WEAKNESSES.

All men fear, dislike, and grieve; all men desire, hope, and rejoice; though of course different men feel those passions unequally. All men, however, are not susceptible of love, of hatred, of envy, or of despair. The strongest men, too, have their various weaknesses. Johnson united moral credulity to mental vigour, and he dishonoured his strength by arguing for victory rather than for truth.—*Bucke.*

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London: Published by WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street, for the Editor and Proprietor, FRANCIS ROSS. Edinburgh: FRASER and Co. Dublin: CURRY and Co.—Printed and Stereotyped by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.